Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen to pardon blood,
And I haue built two chanceries, more will I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Glost. My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick?*
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Cousen, wish not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his pasport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,

We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Yorke*.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeues, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Glost. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not wish more help frō England cou
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.